

INT. PATIENT'S RECOVERY ROOM - MORNING

The PATIENT (29) rests in a hospital bed. He awakes, pops up his clean-shaven head, and GAPES. Wide-eyed, mouth open -- the look of green bewilderment covers his face.

PATIENT (V.O.)
Wow. What is this place? I feel...
Oh, I don't know. Wait... Who am I?

The chamber looks like a private hospital room. With tight security -- two solemn-faced GUARDS stand watch by the door.

PATIENT (V.O.)
They look funny. What are they?

The CHUBBY GUARD whips out a walkie-talkie. He holds it up and BARKS an unintelligible command.

The patient shimmies up into an upright pose. He brings up his arms and examines them, tests out the wrists and fingers.

PATIENT (V.O.)
Cool. I have those too.

The patient wiggles his digits faster and faster, forms fists, snaps his fingers -- all movements of finesse. He's astonished, as if the hands had powers of their own.

PATIENT (V.O.)
What? I can do all that? How?

The door flicks open and DR. NATALIE ANDERSON (28) steps in. She's an accomplished neuroscientist and determined teacher, but a fragile flower underneath her conservative facade.

She leaves a MEAL TRAY on the bedside table.

NATALIE
Hello, sir. How's our humor this morning?

PATIENT
(instant reflex)
Great, just great.

Dr. Anderson whisks out a NOTEPAD and takes notes.

PATIENT (V.O.)
Why did I say that?

PATIENT
Good weather this morning?

Natalie scribbles more notes.

PATIENT (V.O.)
What? Why do I care about the
weather?

NATALIE
Brilliant. Not a cloud in the sky.

PATIENT
(disoriented)
Yeah... That's great, just great.

Natalie fixes the food tray in front of the patient.

NATALIE
You must be starving, mister.

He surveys the tray -- a bowl of soup and a glass of juice.
Natalie looks on, anxious to write -- a scientist observing her
experiment. He sniffs the food.

PATIENT (V.O.)
Mmm, this smells good.
(sniffs the spoon)
This doesn't.

He dunks the spoon in the soup. Eats a portion. And another.

NATALIE
That's it, sir. You figured it out.
(inhales courage)
Now, regarding your condition --
you must be curious?

PATIENT
Uh huh.

NATALIE
Please don't speak with a mouthful.

He strains to swallow. Figures out what the juice is for.

PATIENT
Uh huh.
(off Natalie's stern glare)
I mean yes. Please tell me.

NATALIE
That's better. The reason you can't
remember anything is because all of
your memories were erased. Except
for vocabulary and motor skills --
that's why you can talk and eat
soup, your body remembers.

(beat)

(MORE)

NATALIE (cont'd)
Otherwise, you're as pure as a
newborn baby.

The patient sips juice, then swallows.

PATIENT
Why?

NATALIE
A new experiment. The procedure was
done by your own request.

PATIENT
But why?

NATALIE
Please sir, don't waste yourself
asking -- I hardly know a thing. My
name is Doctor Anderson. I'm here to
re-teach you about the real world,
that's all.
(happy to switch topics)
Now, first thing first -- you need a
name. You're old enough -- you can
choose your own. Pick anything,
whatever pops in your head.

The patient wrinkles his nose.

PATIENT
Um... Natalie.

Dr. Anderson glances at her NAMETAG, which reads "Natalie
Anderson". She rolls her eyes.

NATALIE
Mister, you can't select "Natalie"
because it's a woman's name. And
secondly, it's already been taken.

PATIENT
Woman's? Natalie?

NATALIE
No. Please call me Doctor Anderson.
Now, help me out and think of a
man's name.

The patient darts his eyes, scratches his head.

PATIENT
Um... LEROY?

NATALIE
 Mister Leroy? Really? Interesting.
 (checks the notepad)
 That works. But we need to look into
 this. Leroy was your old name.

INT. TEST ROOM - LATER

Leroy sits frozen before a PROJECTOR SCREEN. Chair restraints tightly wrap his arms and legs. He wears a HOSPITAL GOWN. ELECTRODES cover his smooth head.

The guards stand nearby, STUN GUN BATONS drawn and ready.

Natalie monitors Leroy's brain wave patterns on multiple computer screens.

Pictures scroll by on the BIG SCREEN. Leroy on a fishing trip. Leroy struggling behind the track team. Several pictures of young MEN AND WOMEN.

The last picture comes up -- young Leroy with a GIRLFRIEND. The woman's face is BLACKED OUT. The image stays on the screen.

Natalie leans in closer to examine the brain patterns. Satisfied, she flips on the lights.

NATALIE
 Well done, Mister Leroy. You passed.
 You don't remember a thing.

LEROY (V.O.)
 Is that good?

She snaps off the restraints.

NATALIE
 (to the guards)
 Gentlemen, you're free to go.

Leroy arises from the chair, points to the screen.

LEROY
 Doctor Anderson, who is he?

NATALIE
 (chuckles)
 That's you, sir. That WAS you.

LEROY
 And who is she?

NATALIE

No clue. Probably a nobody. It
doesn't matter now, does it, sir?

LEROY

What matters, then?

Leroy lets out a resonant FART.

NATALIE

Mister Leroy. How uncouth! Let me
escort you to the bathroom.

INT. SMALL PUBLIC BATHROOM - LATER

Leroy creeps in. Careful, cautious, bewildered.

LEROY (V.O.)

So, why do I need a bathroom?

He jumps back -- his REFLECTION stares back in the mirror.

LEROY (V.O.)

Hey, there's that guy again.

Leroy moves his arm. The reflection mirrors.

LEROY (V.O.)

Wait. That IS me. She was right.

Leroy takes stock -- examines the sink, the urinal, the toilet.
He flops down on the can. The gown covers his behind.

LEROY (V.O.)

Is this what I'm supposed to do?

He fidgets. Figures it out and pulls the gown free from his
buttocks. The gown drops around his legs like a dress.

LEROY (V.O.)

There it is. Now what?

Leroy twiddles his thumbs. Then, he lifts up the gown. And
looks at his genitals. Curious.

LEROY

Hello there. What are you for?

Suddenly, a THUMP as a turd lands in the water. Leroy beams.

LEROY (V.O.)

That's it. That's why I'm here.

LATER

Leroy stands up from the commode. His hand reaches for the flush valve -- a reflex. He halts, transfixed.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Wait. What is that?

He drops on his knees and peers inside the bowl -- a child exploring the world. Leroy sticks one hand inside and twirls it around, playing with the feces.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Soft, warm, stinky.
 (found something)
Not soft.

He pulls out a small oval METAL CONTAINER. Sniffs.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Stinky. Not a spoon.

Leroy plays with the object, tries to figure out what it's for. He holds one end and spins the other -- it UNSCREWS.

Leroy picks out a note hidden inside. Unwraps. "Watch yourself. Don't let them mess with you. FIGHT THEM!"

 LEROY (V.O.)
Huh? This came from inside me?
 (confused)
This came out from me.
 (realizing)
This came from the old me.

Leroy jerks up, drops the note back into the crapper.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Fight them? Fight them!

Leroy lunges for a cabinet. Opens it -- nothing. He hops around the room, mad and confused.

He rips a SMALL PICTURE off the wall. Tears it apart. He's left with a piece of the METAL FRAME in his hand.

He spins, waves the frame piece around like a weapon. And comes back to his reflection. Stops.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Fight who? What do I do?

KNOCK on the door.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Sir, would you like some assistance?

Leroy's panic rejuvenates. He must hide the frame piece. He sticks it underneath the gown, between his butt cheeks.

NATALIE (O.S.)
We have a busy class schedule.

LEROY (V.O.)
Fight her, perhaps? That's it --
don't let her mess with me.

Leroy flushes the toilet.

NATALIE (O.S.)
I hope you remembered to wipe.

Leroy glances back -- the toilet paper hangs UNUSED.

LEROY
Yep. All done.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Dr. Anderson struts in front of the class. She flips through powerpoint slides. Pictures of people, the world.

NATALIE
These are life's essential lessons.

The lone student Leroy squirms in his gown, irritated by the metal frame in his butt.

Natalie flips to a slide with dollars and cents. She fiddles in her PURSE and produces a crisp TWENTY dollar bill.

NATALIE
This is money. We exchange it for
goods and services.

Leroy feels it. Then feels the sheets of a nearby notebook.

LEROY
(re: the twenty)
This is paper. I can draw this.

Natalie forces a pleasant understanding smile.

LATER. Natalie teaches Leroy how to use a COMPUTER.

NATALIE
Now, type your name. L-E-R-O-Y.

Leroy types. Grunts.

LEROY
Why can't I write on paper instead?

NATALIE
Because, Mister Leroy, computer is
the ne plus ultra of communication.

LEROY
What's wrong with talking?

Natalie exhales, recalling her stress reduction techniques.

LATER. A slide with CARS and a CAB driving down the road.

LEROY
What's wrong with walking?

Natalie stomps her foot.

NATALIE
People need cars to be productive
members of society.

LATER. Dr. Anderson shows a picture of a HOUSE.

LEROY
Why can't all people live in one big
house? Then we wouldn't need cars or
computers.

NATALIE
(snaps back)
There are seven billion people on
Earth.

LEROY
Why do we need so many people?

Natalie resembles a boiling kettle.

NATALIE
Enough. We're done for the day. You
need cool down, relax.

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - EVENING

The place resembles a cheap hotel room. Natalie points.

NATALIE
The bed, the computer, the closet,
and that's the bathroom.

She demonstrates the closet. It's filled with slightly used cloth -- suits, T-shirts, socks, shoes.

NATALIE
Be dressed and ready at eight
o'clock tomorrow.

Leroy stands behind her. He peers at her PURSE. All of a sudden, his arm creeps forward and reaches INSIDE.

LEROY (V.O.)
What am I doing?

Natalie doesn't notice. Leroy pulls out several twenties.

LEROY (V.O.)
Why do I need money?

Natalie turns around. Instantly, Leroy hides the cash behind his back.

NATALIE
Understood? Are we all set?

Leroy nods "Yes". Natalie points to the RED BUZZER by the door.

NATALIE
There's a guard down the hall. Call
him if you have problems.

She steps out the door. Leroy stands frozen with confusion.

NATALIE
I hope tomorrow we can have a more
productive lesson. Good night.

Natalie shuts the door. The lock CLICKS.

Leroy relaxes -- he's finally alone. The metal frame he's been holding between his butt cheeks CLANKS to the floor.

The lock CLICKS again. Natalie sticks her head in. Caught off guard, Leroy stumbles to cover the frame with his foot.

NATALIE
Mister Leroy, a proper gentleman
must say "Good night".

LEROY
We both have to say it?
(off her piercing glare)
Good night, Doctor Anderson.

Natalie shuts the door. Leroy exhales with relief.

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - MONTAGE

-- Leroy rolls off the bed and thumps to the floor.

-- Leroy flushes the toilet. Tries to flush again, but no luck. It's out of water. He wrinkles his forehead, confused.

-- Leroy moves apart the window curtains and leans in. He bangs his head on the glass.

-- Leroy slides on khaki pants. He plays with the zipper. Zips, unzips. Appraises his hands. Zips again.

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Maybe they'll tell me...

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - EVENING

Leroy concentrates in front of the computer. He slides his fingers over the keyboard. He waves them above, as if drawing for magic powers.

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Now type. Fingers, type. Type!

He drops his hands on the keyboard. Hits the keys -- letter garbage comes out on the monitor. Leroy grinds his teeth.

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Do something!

He waves his hands around and drops them again. More garbage.

 LEROY (V.O.)
 God damn it. You stupid --

Leroy stares at the screen. Words are being typed: "fuyc fukc fuck". Looks at the hands -- they're typing. He halts.

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Cool. That's it. Now, tell me about
 myself. Um... My name is...

His fingers dash off: "Leroy Freeson".

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Great, tell me more.

"Fukck you".

 LEROY (V.O.)
 Hmm... Not quite. How about... Where
 did I come from? I live at...

"1336 Capital Way".

 LEROY (V.O.)
That's it. That's my life. Now, how
do I get there?

Leroy bangs the window with his hands. It holds.

He bangs it with the FRAME PIECE. He slides the metal down the glass and hits the vinyl glazing beads. He digs in. The glazing beads come apart. He follows around the frame.

LATER

Leroy leans under the weight of the window glass. Puts it down.

He peers out the window. It's a university campus. He's on the third floor. He glances back in the closet.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Leroy scales down the wall using a HAND-MADE ROPE out of suits and pants. He drops to the ground.

Unmatched shoes complement his hurried attire.

He runs off. Sees cars. One of them is a CAB.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The cab comes to a halt. Leroy peeps out. The mailbox on the HOUSE reads 1336. It's a typical suburban residence. A car stands in the driveway. Lights are ON and people move inside.

Suddenly, the lights go OFF --

Leroy ducks and sprawls on the back seat.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Did they see me? What will they do?

Leroy peeks out very slowly.

Three people walk out on the front porch -- a realtor showing the house to a young couple. The house is for sale -- a sign hangs in the yard. They drive off.

Leroy glances around, checks if anyone is watching. He pulls out the cash and tosses it all to the CABBIE.

 LEROY
Can you wait?

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Leroy tiptoes to the front door -- sensing. He spreads his arms out like a sorcerer calling to the spirits.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Come on body, tell me. What is this
place? What does it mean?

He freezes at the front door. A realtor box hangs on the knob. Leroy yanks at the door. Twists the handle a few times. LOCKED.

 LEROY (V.O.)
But they just walked out of here.

Leroy waves his arms like a magician, conjuring up his inner magic. He tries the door again. Nothing.

He gives up, and sits down on the porch.

 LEROY (V.O.)
What now?

Leroy checks his feet. One of them touches a ROCK with "WELCOME" engraved in the stone. Instinctively, he leans down and flips the rock over. A silver house key shines underneath.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eerily hollow and dark. Leroy shuffles in, shuts the door, and TURNS ON the lights.

 LEROY (V.O.)
What did I do that for?

He TURNS OFF the lights. Then stands still, listens -- all quiet. Satisfied, he flips the lights back on.

Fresh carpet and paint -- the house ready for a quick sale.

Habitually, Leroy takes his shoes off.

 LEROY (V.O.)
So this is it. The place.

Leroy looks around the LIVING ROOM, steps into the KITCHEN.

 LEROY (V.O.)
And it has answers.

Leroy glances around the BEDROOM, steps into the BATHROOM.

 LEROY (V.O.)
But where are they?

Leroy opens the back door, checks out the PATIO.

LEROY (V.O.)
Is this the right place?

Leroy limps back to the entrance -- he hasn't found anything.

He leans down and picks up the SHOES. He holds them for a beat, considering what to do with them. Then, he opens a nearby CLOSET. Puts the shoes on a makeshift SHOE RACK in the wall.

LEROY (V.O.)
That looks funny.

Leroy pokes his fingers around the wall. He leans down and sprawls on the ground. He reaches for the bottom level of the shoe rack. Feels around some more --

-- SNAP, the click of a lock. A SECRET COMPARTMENT swings open.

Mesmerized, Leroy holds his breath. He knows he found it.

Leroy reaches in the compartment and pulls out a large YELLOW ENVELOPE. The front reads "Society is prison. Trust your instincts." Leroy flips it over -- "TRUST NATURE".

Leroy rips open the envelope. Pictures POUR OUT. All kinds -- computer printouts, portraits, Polaroids. They're pictures of men and women -- the same ones that were on Leroy's test.

Leroy shakes out the last picture. He picks it up.

LEROY (V.O.)
There's that guy again. Me.

It's young Leroy next to a girlfriend -- the last picture of the test. The girl next to him is YOUNG NATALIE.

Leroy gasps. The back reads "Love always, Natalie."

LEROY (V.O.)
She... I... We... She knew. She lied
to me. She must know EVERYTHING.

Leroy punches the wall. A dent in the drywall.

He pouts. Then, gathers up all the pictures.

LEROY (V.O.)
She's been playing some sort of game
with me. She's been using me.

He feels around the secret compartment, and pulls out several pre-sealed bubble packs along with a few loose WHITE PILLS.

No clue what they are. He stashes them in his pants pocket.

 LEROY (V.O.)
I must find out from her. I must
play her stupid lesson game.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Leroy scales back up the wall using the makeshift rope.

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - MORNING

A KNOCK on the door. Another one.

 NATALIE (O.S.)
Mister Leroy, time for class.

No answer. Click. Natalie swings open the door.

Leroy lies asleep in bed, naked. The curtains are drawn, the room looks normal. Natalie steps over and PRICKS him. He jumps.

 NATALIE
Young sir, I demand you get dressed.

Leroy hops off the bed and hurries to the closet.

 LEROY (V.O.)
Should I ask her now?

Leroy pops open the closet. A HUGE PILE of disheveled cloth falls out. Natalie moans.

 NATALIE
Mister! How unseemly. What were you
doing? Having a party?

 LEROY (V.O.)
I'll ask her a bit later.

 NATALIE
We MUST have a marvelous day today.
Mister Leroy, do you understand?

 LEROY
Um... Yes, Doctor Natalie.

 NATALIE
No! Doctor Anderson. Now clean up.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Natalie demonstrates a courtroom photograph. She flips to the next slide, a picture of a jail.

NATALIE

If the defendant is found guilty, he
or she is sent to prison.

LEROY (V.O.)

I don't get it. Why do we need
prisons?

LEROY

(overly agreeable)
Makes sense. Prisons are good.

NATALIE

No. It doesn't make sense at all.
(sermonic)
Prisons are terrible. They demean
people. They make people look like
animals.

LEROY

(trying even harder)
Now it makes sense. Prisons are bad.

NATALIE

Yes. An ideal society shouldn't have
prisons.

LATER. The room has been turned into a restaurant. Natalie and Leroy sit at the classroom desk, which is covered with a white sheet, plates, and cutlery.

A CATERER brings out a dish and places it in front of Leroy.

LEROY (V.O.)

What am I supposed to do? The food
is here. I must eat.

Leroy reaches down to the meal. Natalie slaps him.

NATALIE

No, sir. You must wait for me.
(explains)
Call it tradition.

LEROY (V.O.)

I don't get it. Am I to do the
opposite of everything I want to do?

LEROY

(deadpan)
I'll wait. It makes perfect sense.

LATER. Natalie presents a slide of male and female anatomy side by side -- SEX EDUCATION.

Leroy raises his hand like a good schoolboy.

NATALIE
Yes, Mister Leroy. Very good.

LEROY
Doctor Anderson, how will I use this information?

NATALIE
You daresay you don't know?

LEROY (V.O.)
I don't know? Of course I don't know. But... should I know?
(concentrates)
Maybe I did it with her? Ewwww.

LEROY
Um... Uh... Have I?... Uhhhh

NATALIE
Relax, Mister Leroy. I think you're prepared. For the next test.

INT. TEST ROOM - LATER

Leroy sits strapped into the chair, electrodes cover his head.

This time, pictures of NAKED women scroll on the big screen. Occasionally, pictures of nude men pop up.

LEROY (V.O.)
What kind of game is this? What am I supposed to do? I don't like this...
So maybe I should enjoy it?
(squints)
And didn't she say naked people can't have influence on society?

The last picture scrolls by. Natalie flicks on the lights.

NATALIE
Well done. Marvelous. You did great.
Like a proper gentleman.
(unstraps the restraints)
We must celebrate.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Mostly empty. Natalie and Leroy sip coffee drinks. She smiles.

NATALIE

Keep it up, Mister Leroy, and you'll
be out of here lickety-split.

LEROY (V.O.)

It's time.

LEROY

Um, Doctor?... On yesterday's test,
on the last picture, was it you?

Natalie freezes, transfixed. She puts the coffee down. Gazes
down at the cup, seems to consider the question.

NATALIE

No Leroy, I mean Mister Leroy. I
told you. I know nothing about your
past. Please, don't press it.

Leroy twitches his nose -- he's not buying it.

NATALIE

Now how about some desert. Some
apple pie? Yes?... Yes!

She mucks around inside her purse.

NATALIE

I swear I had more money in here.
Hold on, there's an ATM at the
entrance.

Natalie hops up and runs off. Leroy is left alone.

He stares at her coffee cup. His hand creeps into his pocket --

Suddenly, his arm JERKS OUT, reaches to Natalie's drink, and
lets go TWO WHITE PILLS. The pills sizzle as they dissolve.
Leroy catches himself, suspends with his arm stretched out.

LEROY (V.O.)

Is that what they're for?

LATER. Natalie returns with two servings of apple pie. Leroy
still holds his arm outstretched by her drink.

NATALIE

Mister Leroy, would you like to try
my Caramel Latte?

LEROY (V.O.)

Do opposite of what I want.

LEROY

Um... Uh... Not really.

NATALIE

Well done. In formal situations,
it's best to get your own.

Natalie sips on her drugged coffee.

MONTAGE - NATALIE BECOMES DOPED

-- Natalie aims her fork at the pie, but misses it.

-- She squints her eyes, rubs them -- she can't see as well.

-- Natalie breaks out in laughter for no reason.

Natalie aims for her own pie, but lands the fork in Leroy's.

LEROY (V.O.)

Huh? Is this another game?

She wobbles, trying to stick the slice in her mouth.

NATALIE

Oh, pardon me, you sexy sir. But
your pie is irresistible. Mmm.

LEROY (V.O.)

Is she mad? Maybe I'll ask again.

LEROY

Uhm... Doctor Anderson?

NATALIE

Yes, Mister Freeson?

LEROY

I'm sure it was you in the picture.

NATALIE

Oh gee, that was a long time ago.

She catches herself, straightens up.

NATALIE

Shit. I mean SHUSH. If anyone found
out that I knew you, I'd be kicked
out. Especially me, your first...

LEROY (V.O.)

I got her. I'm playing her game.

LEROY

So, who was I?

NATALIE

A sweet kid, Leroy. A sweet kid. I played a game with you... But you failed -- and you hurt me.

(dreamy, eyes glazed)

I hate you so much -- I can't believe I still love you.

Natalie SPILLS COFFEE all over the table. Both of them HOP UP. Natalie snaps out of her dream.

NATALIE

Oh my gosh. I can't believe I just told you. What came over me?

(cleaning up)

That's it, we're done for the day.

Leroy looks on with curious confusion.

INT. LEROY'S ROOM - LATER

Door closed. Natalie tries to hold up her head -- dizzy.

NATALIE

I better go. Tomorrow we'll have a grand day, won't we?

LEROY

Please, hold on a sec. I wanted to show you something.

Leroy pops open the desk drawer and pulls out the yellow envelope. He dumps the pictures on the desk.

Natalie stumbles over, grabs for the curtains to hold herself.

She moves the curtains apart. Pieces of torn glazing bead hardly hold the window pane in place -- a band-aid solution.

NATALIE

This is new.

Leroy is too busy -- he proudly picks up Natalie's picture.

LEROY

Here. That's how I knew.

NATALIE

Is this a joke? Who gave this to you?

LEROY

I also found these. Now, please tell
me why you erased my memory.

Leroy yanks out the white pills. Holds them up to the light.
Natalie is speechless. She grabs her temple.

NATALIE

What? Huh? These are...

She stumbles a bit, holds herself up by the desk. The drugs are
kicking in big time. Her speech slurs.

NATALIE

Is this why I'm?...
(the puzzle fits)
Why did you DRUG ME?

Natalie stares at him wide-eyed -- horror on her face. Leroy
stands between her and the door -- curious, innocent.

LEROY

Are you all right, Doctor Anderson?

Natalie LUNGES for the door. But falls into Leroy's arms. She
REACHES FORWARD with her hand, straining for the red buzzer.
Her body goes limp, helpless. Leroy holds her up, dumbfounded.

LEROY

What are you doing? What do you want
ME to do?

Leroy staggers with Natalie in his arms. He gently places her
face down on the bed. Examines her, looking for clues.

NATALIE

(feeble)
No... Not again...

LEROY

No what? Is this another test?

He faces his own hands, searching for support... And the hands
LOCK IN FISTS. Unlock, lock again.

LEROY (V.O.)

There it is. There we go. I must
have done this before.

Leroy glides his hands up and down her body -- tender, sexual.
He takes off her shoes. All movements of practice, of finesse.

LEROY (V.O.)

OK. She doesn't need shoes for this.

He grabs her pants. And RIPS THEM OFF. One slick motion.

LEROY (V.O.)
 Wow! That was cool.
 (concerned)
 Maybe she needs a shower?

He gets hold of the white granny panties and whips them off just as quickly.

LEROY (V.O.)
 So, she doesn't need those either.
 And... what's going on with me?

Leroy holds up his palms. They GLISTEN WITH SWEAT. He rubs his forehead -- wipes off more sweat droplets. He reaches for the shirt collar, fidgeting from heat. Strips off the shirt.

LEROY (V.O.)
 That's better. But what is this?

He stares down at his pants. A BIG LUMP sticks out from the crotch -- his first erection. He touches it. Gently, carefully -- a thing of wonder.

LEROY (V.O.)
 Didn't she talk in class about this?

He slings off his pants. Now he's naked except for the boxers.

LEROY (V.O.)
 I still don't get it. What's the purpose of this?

Instinctively, Leroy hops up on the bed, right behind Natalie. He grabs her by the hips. And lifts her up a bit.

LEROY (V.O.)
 Oh geez. This is it. This is it.
 Am I supposed to do it?
 (terrified)
 Ewww. Why? It's gross. But I'm
 SUPPOSED to do the opposite.

Leroy jiggles up and down, as if having a convulsion.

LEROY
 Natalie! Get up! What do I do?
 (suddenly, mad)
 I know you like it, you CUNT!

LEROY (V.O.)
 This is wrong. What do I do? Is this
 wrong? What do I do?
 (MORE)

LEROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (realization)
 Wait. I'm supposed trust my
 instincts. I DON'T LIKE THIS.

Leroy grips Natalie's butt tighter. He squints his eyes, trying to snap out of it. He swings an arm up --

-- POPS himself on the head. He crashes off the bed, thumping to the floor.

LEROY (V.O.)
 I can't control myself. Why can't I
 control myself?

He stumbles up like a drunkard. Twists his body, fighting with himself. He reaches for the red buzzard. His body takes him back toward the bed. He grabs on to the bed post, holding on.

LEROY
 (crazy)
 That's what you want, isn't it?
 (fights back)
 Aargh! No! No!

He gets hold of himself, jumps away. Swings open the door, and dashes out into the --

HALLWAY

LEROY
 Aargh! Help! Aargh!

The chubby guard steps out of the post. Sees Leroy running at full speed, screaming, flailing his arms. The guard whips out the STUN BATON --

-- BZZZ! -- 500 kiloVolts bolt through Leroy's body. He jolts up, freezes in mid-scream. Jolts again. And drops to the floor.

INT. SECRET BRIEFING ROOM - EVENING

Debriefing. Natalie Anderson holds still in front of the BOSS, an elderly gentleman with a clout of political connections.

He reviews the FILES on the desk. He grunts -- not a fan.

Leroy whimpers in a nearby chair. Metal cuffs dig into his hands and legs. The chubby guard towers over him.

BOSS
 Doctor Anderson, your experiment
 failed miserably. The subject turned
 back to his crooked ways two days
 following the procedure.

NATALIE

Yes, sir, but --

BOSS

You've wasted twenty million of government funds.

NATALIE

Sir, I need a bit more time. I think it's a mental --

BOSS

Mister Leroy Freeson was found guilty of fifteen counts of rape. The appeal has already been rejected. This monster rapes anyone he gets his hands on.

(sternly)

He will go back to prison.

LEROY (V.O.)

Why am I going to prison? Natalie said prisons are terrible.

NATALIE

Sir, he needs more lessons.

BOSS

He'll get them in prison.

(on to other business)

And I'm cancelling the project. You're dismissed, doctor.

NATALIE

He's never been to prison. He doesn't remember what it's like. He'll suffer.

BOSS

That's the idea.

NATALIE

But why?

BOSS

Call it tradition. He'll figure it out. Just like he figured you out.

Natalie looks on with condolence as the guard takes Leroy away. Leroy glances back -- puppy dog eyes filled with naivete.

FADE OUT.